THE WIDE AWAKE CIRCLE

BOYS' AND GIRLS' DEPARTMENT

Rules for Young Writers.

1. Write dainly on one side of the paper only, and number the pages.

2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.

3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over \$255 words. Original stories or letters only will be used.

5. Write your name, age and address plainly of the bottom of the atory.

Address all communications to Un-cle Jed, Bulletin Office.

"Whatever you are—Be that! Whatever you say—Be true! Straightforwardly act, Be nobody else but you." POETRY.

A Duck Tale. Old Dippy was a fussy duck Who had a mind for misery; She found a cause for discontent Amid the best society.

She frotted sore because her tail Was not of vivid peacock hue; She worried just because she quacked And could not like a kitty mew.

She was so dreadfully discontent That her poor husband, Bobby Drake.
Spent all his days just soothing her:

But Dippy fretted on ond on She thought her little yellow logs Too shapely for her big wide feet. One day she bought some chicken

"At least," she said, "when these eggs The babies will be a joy to me.
They'll surely have the dainty feet
That I have always loved to see."

In three weeks' time the baby chicks
Were able to go out,
And Dippy sent for all her friends
Who hobnobbed round about.

She asked them how they liked her flock,
Her husband said, "'Tis true
They've slender foot, but they can't do
A thing that ducks should do-

"Can't shoo 'em near the water; Don't swim a little bit; And when they get their feathers wet They nearly have a fit!

"They talk like perfect roosters:

Not one quacks like a drake; They scratch for food as hens do, So please, for gracious' sake "Go sell 'em to the poultryman,

It's very plain to see Your friends will never, never stand For your freak family!"

Poor Dippy took his hard advice, ('Twas all that she could do), O, children, learn from her straits—
Avoid those things you'll rue.

—Brooklyn Eagle.

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Lora M. Carpenter, of Lebanon—I we very much pleased when Is relived my prize book Hans Christian Andrasen's Fairy Tales. I think it is very interesting, and thank you very much for it. Will still keep trying to be more books.

Lillian Brehaut, East Norwich, N. Y—I received the prize book you sent me and I have read half of it. I found it very interesting and I wish to thank you for it. Sugan Hattin, of Mt. Hope—Thank you for the prize book you gave me.

Theima V. Roche, of Petersburg, Va.—I received my prize book some time back. I thank you very much for it. I find same very interesting I have read it through. I started to school some time back. I go to private school in Petersburg, Va. I drive to trolley car, which is four miles from home and go four on the car. My brother goes to school also. I have one brother and two sisters. I am the oldest of four. We have a cute little puppy. He is a fox terrier. He goes to bed with my baby sister nearly every night. She thinks he is fine. He is in my lap now. I am taking music lessons and am getting on very well with it. Did you go to the fair this year? I am going Thursday if nothing happens. I will close with many thanks for my prize book.

Mary L. O'Cesey, of Norwich—I wish to thank you for the lovely prize book you gave me. I have started to read it and find it very interesting. I am going to try again.

Myron J. Ringland, of Norwich Town
I thank you very much for the prize
book entitled Boy Scouts on the Trail.
I am very well pleased with it.

THE WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS. 1-Yetta Levine, of Colchester-Fussbugget's Folks,

2-Leontine Gilot, of Baltic-Miss Charity's Home. 3-Mildred V. Morley, of Eagleville Animal Stories for Little People.

4 Grazialia Martin, of Flainfield-Three Little Women's Success. 5-Oba Butler, of New Bedford,

Mass.-Three Little Women as Wiver 6-Edwin Maynard, of Lyme-The Soy Scout's First Camp Fire, 7-Lucy Carter, of Scotland-Three

8-Florida Reil, of Versailles-Alice's Adventures in Wonderland,

UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-AWAKES.

ana was seldom seen in the market and dear.

steamships and men which it takes this to keep the New England markets sunplied with this fruit, which is so cheap In the long-ago we did not use t see the yellow bananas. The commer-cial bananas were of a deep red, but the quick means of getting the fruit to market and the great demand and necessity for keeping it cheap brought necessity for keeping it cheap brought the yellow, or wild bananas, to market.

I saw somewhere that a million dollars are invested in this business and the Holy Land, taking with him one that thousands of men are employed, and that 150 miles of railroads had been built to bring the fruit to the shipping points, and that ocean steamers loaded with the fruit are always sailing the ocean between Central America and American ports; and the few pennies we spend for the fruit not only supports all of these people

but is enriching a few. How does it? Because a little money tries. I once read of some travelers in Central America who felt under obli-gations to a planter for favors done them and they ordered a bunch of ban-anas of him so he could feel paid for his trouble. He brought the bananas a half mile to their camp and charged them three cents for the bunch and then they felt they had been guilty of imposing upon good nature because they had compelled the friendly na-

(tive to do so much for so little money Bananas and mahogany in the tropics are so plenty that like apples and potatoes in some parts of country this fall, they cannot be given

that one pound of bananas are as nourishing for food as a pound of meat from the loin, a pound of veal, or a pound of black bass or bluefish. The bananas we buy for a few cents support a great business—a business larger than you can imagine

An Indian Ro-union

Uncle Jed: I came to the land of the Sioux Indians when a boy direct from a New England village. There was only one white child (a girl) at the place where my family located, but hundreds of Indians, all Sioux, men (bucks), women (squaws) and childers (papooses and smuga). There were a few white men—a missionary, Mr. Joseph Hancock, a farmer and a trader. There were also a surveyor's crew and the town-site promoter, Mr. William Freeborn. The government had lately bought the land from the Indians, reserving a strip 30 miles long and 15 miles wide along the west shore of Lake Pepin for the half-breed children. The remainder of the purchase had heep partly surveyed and to move back when he came along.

shore of Lake Pepin for the half-breed children. The remainder of the purchase had been partly surveyed and thrown open to settlement.

My object in writing this letter to the Wide Awakke department is to announce that last summer I had the pleasure of meeting many of those same Indian boys and girls at the White Earth agency. They had gathered to celebrate the 46th anniversary of the treaty by which the Minnesota Chippewas and Sloux changed from age-long enemies to allies; this change being one of the results of the missionaries work.

But what a change from the boys and girls of my boyhood now in war trappings and old style blankets.

In the past it was I who had to make signs and learn to speak a new language; now all could understand English. Before, the mothers "toted" their children who could not walk on their backs in the folds of a blanket: this summer they used baby carriages, and several had white servants to move the carriages.

In the old days nothing counted more

and several had white servants to move the carriages.

In the old days nothing counted more than a piece of the scalp of a Chippewa tied into a belt about the waist or strung in the center of a wooden hoop fastened to a light pole and made the center of a number of howling painted, dancing beings; but now, while in war trappings, both Sioux and Chippewas grasped hands in friendly clasp and joined in a union celebration.

It was a renewal of the smoking of the peace pipe and many had come a long distance to take an active part. Many in full war dress were gradu-

THE POOL

"We were talking about the web of theirs must be something wonder-worms," said Mrs. Blackbill Cuckoo, ful. Did you ever watch them use who had been brushing out her home them? I have many times as I arwho had been brushing out her home preparatory to leaving by an early evening flight for the south to pass the winter. "They are a crawly set, anyhow. They even attempt to enter my narrow doorway and build a swinging bed in one corner of my best room, just because they know I am away. "If I was Farmer Coudet's or Farmer Fischer's boy do you know what I would do? I would get Grandpa Wilson to teach me how to easily recogni

son to teach me how to easily recog-nize these night prowlers in every stage of their life. Do I know? What a question. Haven't I been after them ever since I was able to work for my own support? "Just as Farmer Churchill goes af-

ter Euck Deer, or Madam Partridge, so I hunt these web worms as they are good to eat as kid worms or as moths. No! Don't call them butter-flies. That would be disgracing a family that takes great pride in the fact they salute Madam Nature's lead--the winds, the sunlight and others their wings every time they You never catch a member of either the Miller or Moth family do-

ing that."
"By the way," croaked Grandpa Toad as he sat on a large water lily leaf. Have you ever noticed how all these insect people in The Pool with-out the aid of sight, smell, feeling, hearing or tasting, seem to know my object in being around. They must have a sixth sense. Those antennea

of theirs must be something wonderful. Did you ever watch them use them? I have many times as I arranged my double tongue for instant use and then was disappointed. How they tap the ground, each antenna bent at the tip into an arc and inspired the continual vibration. Every they tap the ground, each antenna bent at the tip into an arc and inspired with a continual vibration. Every crack, mound or hollow is investigated with the quivering threads. Before they get in reach of the point of my tongue that has been recoated with paste in the back of my mouth, that insect has become alarmed by some peculiar piece of dirt, or other object and stops coming to rummage every part of the object with increased agitation. How the tips of those antennae mold themselves to the form in the road. I hate to jump as there are others nearing me, but you must have seen it all. What makes them stop? Can they smell my coat? (And that's not wart breeding either.) If so, how do they scent? I never saw their noses, did you? Now—"

"Hold on there, Mr. Toad. I do not know how it is with your web worms, cabbage worms and others like them, but I do know that I can smell," in terrupted Mrs. H. Bee with a hum.

"So can I," shouted Master Beetle. You place a dead member of any family gathered here where I cannot see it, and I will soon have it buried. It is the scent that calls me to my work as a grave digger, nothing else."

"Well, what you say may be true." sang the toad, "but where is the nose?" sang the toad, "but where is the nose?"

ates of some school, yet took part with
the vim of 1852 or earlier.

It looked odd to see the Indians do
their own policing. The force were
proud of their wide pink and blue
sashes, their big nickel stars and
police belts, with the usual clubs.

At this meeting I came across an old
indian who immediately recognized in
this old man with his gray beard and
hair the beardless boy he had taught
to never shoot at one pigeon but get
everal in a line and then use but littel shot and powder. He spoke to me
in the Dakota language as he held
out his hand. The nearly forgotton
guittural tones, the way he grasped my
hand and the sign of friendship made
with the other hand according to a
long forgotten local Indian society
by be had to talk at first mostly in
English but the long unused words
soon came straggling back and by
his help I was able after awhile to
afiswer in his native tongue in a
halting way.

I was no longer lonnely. Wives,
strong the locked around and saw

It is a cat, My cat's
have a swim every day. I gave him a
bath twice a week.

My other pet is a cat, My cat's
have a swim every day. I gave him a
bath twice a week.

My other pet is a cat, My cat's
have a lead will be yellow and
white. One day when my Grandma me my Grandma my
hand and who immediately recognized in
this old man with his gray beard and
hair the beardless boy he had taught
to never shoot at one pigeon but get
everal in a line and then use but littel shot and powder. He spoke to me
in the Dakota language as he held
out his hand. The wool seems to wontend and saw a
latter the whole word seems to
be aware of the approaching storm. The
mumical Honk!" of automobiles tells one that the people are
hastening homeward.

We look at the sea. The ship we assaw but a few moments ago is wrecksaw but a few moments ago is wrecksaw but a few moments ago is wrecksaw but a few moments of the saw but a few moments ago is wrecksaw but a few moment of the whole would have held not be a few moments ago is wrecksaw but a few moment of the whole would ates of some school, yet took part with the vim of 1862 or earlier.

It looked odd to see the Indians do their own policing. The force were proud of their wide plnk and blue sakes, their big nickel stars and police belts, with the usual clubs.

At this meeting I came across an old Indian who immediately recognized in this old man with his gray beard and hair the beardless boy he had taught to never shoot at one pigeon but get several in a line and then use but litted shot and powder. He spoke to me in the Dakota language as he held her. Nobody seemed to claim her, so her the spoke to me in the Dakota language as he held her. Nobody seemed to claim her, so her the spoke to me in the Dakota language as he held her. Nobody seemed to claim her, so her the spoke to me in the Dakota language as he held her. Nobody seemed to claim her, so her the spoke to me in the Dakota language as he held her. Nobody seemed to claim her, so hear (as if to add to the melancholy seemed to claim her, so her the vim of 1862 or earlier.

In the summer I took him down to have a swim every day. I gave him a to his home.

The farmers are looking after their to his home.

The farmers are looking after their took, and his little son Walter came from their home upon the mountains. The two passed by without bowing before the cap and Tell was arrested.

We look at the sea. The ship we saw but a few moments ago is wreck-attened far and wide. Some poor souls are clinging to float to sleep. She did not seem to want to go away.

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We look at the sea. The ship we father their th

When you buy a banana for a penny or two, do you ever think there was a day not so long ago when the banana was seldom seen in the market and dear.

You would be surprised if you could not equal this. What was said or recalled will do for other chapters and will be the better understood after this introduction. GRANDFATHER LOWATER.

Barbarossa Dear Uncle Jed: Many hundred years ago Germany had a great em-peror called Barbarossa. The name Barbarossa was given him because of

hundred and fifty thousand of his best soldiers. One day the great army had to cross a broad river. The emperor, without waiting to dismount from his horse, plunged into the stream and

His broken-hearted soldiers carried the body back to Germany and placed it in a deep cavern far up a mountain side. The peasants even now point out the mouth of the cavern. They say that within it the emperor rests in an enchanted sleep. Once every hundred years, so the story runs, Barbar-ossa wakens. He sends a dwarf to see if the ravens fly about the moun-tain peak. If they are seen the em-peror sinks again into a century of

sleep. Barbarossa sits, they say leaning upon a great stone table through which has long red beard has grown, reaching the floor of his cavern and winding itself about the table. Thus he sleeps and waits for the happy hour when ravens shall no more fly about the mountain. Then he will come forth with his knights and go back in great slory to Germany. great glory to Germany, GRAZIALIA MARTIN, Age 18. Plainfield.

A Trip to Washington

Dear Uncle Jed: Great was my surprise when home came my father and told me to prepare myself to go to Washington with the Fourth Co., C. A. C., of New Bedford.

We went to Fall River by a special gar and from Fall River by New Lorcar and from Fall River to New Jer-sey by boat, and from there to Wash-ington by train. When I landed in Washington it was very windy, so I boarded a car for the place I was to

JED

An Indian Re-union
Uncle Jed: I came to the land of line.

One tree is on Laurel Hill avenue just beyond the schoolhouse, on the right side of the road in the lane leading to the Thermos Bottle Works. The other tree is in Yantic near the highway. lighway.

They are rowan trees, or mountain ash, and have beautiful clusters of small white flowers in spring followed by red berries which are very sour and are in clusters and remain on the tree until late in fall.

wide-Awakes can have great fun with the berries by running a pin through the center of the berry, insert pin or needle in the stem of a clay pipe then by blowing through the bowl of the pipe the berry will dance all sorts of ways and will make anybody laugh; for their dancing is more entertaining and wholesome than the tango or turkey-trot.

school.

There were lots of very nice vegetables the boys raised in their gardens.

The painting was so nice that Mr.
Brundage wants some painting done

Dear Uncle Jed: As school has begun and we have quite a while to play noons, I thought I would sen I in a few games for amusement that I think are quite nice; also, are good for evening gatherings.

Stir the Mush.—One chair less than the number required for the company is provided. The players seat them-selves in a circle, one being chosen is provided. The players seat themselves in a circle, one being chosen
to stir the mush. He stands in the
center with a walking stick and says
in a solemn tone: "Stir the mus."
Stir the mush!". At the same time
stirring vigorously until suddenly he
knocks three times upon the floor.
At this signal all the players leave
their seats and take others. The leader having dropped his cane scrambles
for a seat also, and of course one is
left out and he or she must be the
next one "stir the mush."

This and That.—A confederate is

This and That.—A confederate is necessary for this trick. The one performing the trick goes out of the room and the confederate agrees with the audience to touch a certain article. The person outside is recalled and his confederate begins to question him. Did I touch this music book? No. Did I touch this table? No. Did I touch that fork? Yes, The secret consists in saying the word that before the article touched, instead of this.

Game of Cat The person when called. As soon as he was full grown, a harness was made for him, and he was taught to draw a buggy like a horse. It was a curious sight to see Mr. Gray riding through the streets of the village in a carriage drawn by such a queer looking animal. It not only attracted the attention of the people but the horses, as they pressed would look very shyly at the deer's long horns. Some of them were frightened. This and That.—A confederate is necessary for this trick. The one performing the trick goes out of the room and the confederate agrees with the

outside of the door of the room where the company is assembled. The boys and girls in turn come to the other side of the door and call out: "Meow!"

If the cat outside recognizes a friend and calls out her name correctly in return he is allowed to enter the room and the latter then takes the place of the cat. If, on the contrary, the cat cannot recognize the voice, he is hissed and remains outside until he is able to do so.

The Traveler's Alphabet.—The players sit in a row and the first begins by saying "I am going on a journey to Athens," or any place beginning with

caught in a Thunder Storm.

A new day had dawned. The sun which had begun to rise seemed like an immense red ball, as it made its way through the tango or turkey-trot.

The tree is most deserving of cultivation and study.

MYRON J. RINGLAND.

Norwich Town.

The School Fair
Dear Uncle Jed: I thought I would write and tell you about our school fair.

Our school fair was on a Friday. There were very many people at it. We had three tables full of things and some on the floor. There were very many who received prizes. I got the second.

When the stem of a clay being the bowing through the sum of the sum of the sum of the surrounding heavens. The reflection of the trees against the sun could be plainly seen, although a vapory mist hung carelessly everywhere. How beautiful everything was. In the village below the farmers had risen but a few moments before and were preparing for the day's work. Far out at sea a ship lay like an immense spot against the horizon.

The blue sky above, the sun, and the beauutiful landscape lay before the rising sun. The sun rose high in the heavens in spite of the surrounding slory and now not only the farmers, and their cries broke the tireless silence.

A small lad, perhaps eight vears of age, had been watching Mother Nature as she displayed this marvelous scene, and a glance at his youthful face was sufficient to have told one that he was a country lad, and

ful face was sufficient to have told one that he was a country lad, and worshipped nature as the goddess that worshipped nature as the goddess that she is.

Brundage wants some painting done for him.

MILDRED V. MORLEY.

Eagleville.

His Pets

Dear Uncle Jed: I have read many of the Wide-Awake stories and like them very much, so I thought I would write one.

I am going to tell you about my pets. One is a little dog. His name is Rover. He is black and curly. He is a French poodle. He does not know many tricks yet. He will bring you a stick or a ball, shake hands, beg or speak for his food.

There is a little brook near my home.

The curtain drops and rises, the she is.

The sun is caught in a thunder is chore as the passerby; the drops increase; a heavy shower the drops increase; a heavy shower the drops increase; a heavy shower draws near, the rumble of thunder is heard, far off in the distanct; it becomes as dark as night, the rumble sounds nearer; the rain increases, and is Rover. He is black and curly. He is seems as if Thor is everywhere, is a French poodle. He does not know many tricks yet. He will bring you a stick or a ball, shake hands, beg or speak for his food.

There is a little brook near my home.

The mist increases rapidly. Ha! Father Sun is caught in a thunder shower. The sun is caught in a thunder shower the place where General Lee was sitting. He rose at once, Lifting in another without finding a seat; and no one offered her one. At last she came to the place where stitule was still, and no one offered her one. The man is thunder the place where it the seat.

The curtain drops clouds.

The sun is caught i

tion, are at peace with the beautiful moon as queen;
DAVID CARLYLE, Age 12.

Norwich.

The Tame Deer.

A few years ago some men were bunting for deer on the prairies of Neoraska. One day they shot a doe which had two young ones with her. The young deer, or fawns, were so frightened they did not know which way to go. One of them ran right up to the hunters and was caught.

One of the men, whose name was Gray, took the fawn home and kept him. He soon fot quite tame, and would go to his master when called.

Game of Cat.—The person who is to play the part of cat should stand outside of the door of the room where the company is assembled. The boys

little cities. Of course, it takes hundreds of ants working together to build even a very little city.

When the city is done, they clear a little field around it; that is, they take out of the field all the grass and weeds, and all the sticks and stones. Then they plant their grain.

Their grain is a kind of grass which bears a seed very much like rice; and when the grain is ripe they take it into their houses.

If the seeds are damp they put them in their houses to be used as food.

JESSIE BREHAUT.

East Norwich, N. Y.

General Robert E. Lee. General Robert E. Lee,
General Lee was once a passenger
in a crowded railway train. Presently
an aged weman, poorly dressed and
carrying a heavy basket, boarded the
train. She walked from one car to
another without finding a seat; and no
one offered her one. At last she came
to the place where General Lee was
sitting. He rose at once. Lifting his
hat politely he said:
"Madam, pray take this seat."
In an instant a dozen men offered
their seats to the General, but he refused them all, saying:

said Gessler.

The boy was bound to a tree and the soldiers placed an apple on his curly "He said, "Shoot, father, I am not afraid. Tell shot the arrow. It hit the ap-ple. Walter ran to his father un-

harmed.
As he turned another arrow fell from his coat.
"You took another arrow," said Gessler. "What fcr, Tell?"
"If I had harmed my son this arrow would have gone straight to your heart," said Tell.

MARY A. BURRILL, Age 12.
Stafford Springs.

The Adventures of a Cent. "Are you ready to hear my story?" asked an old cent to a little mouse. The little mouse consented and the old cent began:

am now old and copper-colored but I was once bright and new and shiny. How I was made and my very early adventures I cannot remember. Early one morning I awoke to find myself held tightly in a chubby little by's hand.
"As I afterward heard the baby's

father took me from a bank and becourse I was so shiny he gave me to this little boy.

The little boy thought so much of me because he said I was "a nice new penns." He put me under his pillow at night and by his plate at dinner. Of course, he made such a fuss over me that I grew proud. Oh! it is terrible after being so proud to be forgotten entirely.

rible after being so proud to be forgotten entirely.

One day my little master and I
went to the beach. He was playing
with the sand when I slipped from his
fingers. Until it was time to go home
I was not missed. Then the little boy
cried and he was given another cent,
but not haif as nice as I was.

That night instead of a soft bed I
slept in the sand. It was cold and
lonesome.

lonesome.

Late in the morning two boys came Late in the morning two boys came along. They were very sad because they only had nine cents. Sitting right beside me ene ran his fingers through the sand and picked me up. How happy they were. They ran to the Chinaman's store and as they had ten cents now they were given the toy they longed for.

The Chinaman put me into a draw and there I lay for many hours. I was nearly asleep when the draw was



Cuticura Soap

And occasional use of Cuticura Ointment will clear the scalp of dandruff, allay itching and irritation, and promote hair-growing conditions.

Samples Free by Mail Outleurs Soap and Ointment sold throughout the crid. Libert sample of each mailed free, with \$2-p, cok. Address "Outleurs," Dept. 19B, Roston.

CLEAN YOUR LIVER AND CONSTI-PATED BOWELS TONIGHT AND FEEL FINE.

Get a 10-cent box now. Are you keeping your liver, stomach and bowels clean, pure and fresh with Cascarets—or merely forcing a passageway every few days with salts, cathartic pills or castor oil? This for

Important.
Cascarets immediately cleanse the stomach, remove the sour, undigested and fermenting food and foul gases: take the excess bile from the liver and carry out of the system the constipated waste matter and poison in the howels.

pated waste matter and poison in the bowels.

No odds how sick, headachy, bilious and constipated you feel, a Cascaret tonight will straighten you out by morning. They work while you sleep. A 10-cent box from your druggist will keep your head clear, stomach sweet and your liver and bowels regular for months. Don't forget the childrentheir little insides need a gentle cleansing, too. mg, too.

Think Before You Speak.

The morning for the examination had arrived and Robert was sure he had the correct answers. He thought he had worked hard to get them.

The teacher was preparing to question the pupils and both Howard Binkly and Robert were anxious to

Howard looked his paper over carefully to see if he could detect any mistakes.

Robert, was too anxious to look his

over, and was fairly jumping with anxiety.
"What is the answer to the first exwhat is the answer to the first example? asked the teacher.
Rebert arose and answered proudly "The answer is \$423.00."
The teacher shook her head and turned Howard Binkly, Robert's friend-Binkly, who answered "the answer is \$524.00."

The teacher said "correct" and Howard was delighted.

The reason of Robert's failure was that he had not reasoned enough in working the problem. While Howard's success was due to his wisdom in "thinking before he put the answer deary" on paper.

Morey from First Fasters, where mother was, of oil in a "Traing and a seal an

the action of a glacier, which existed in past ages.

There is only a road of moderate breadth on either side of the mountain ground with a rugged channel at one side for the waters which run down in the winter months.

Leaving this picturesque place we soon reached the Bally-lickey bridge; and viewed the Bay of Bantry. It is 26 miles long, the scenery around here being beautiful. We made our return on the southern coast road, passing through Dunmanway and Bandon and reached Cork to rest for a few days-RICHARD W. TOBIN, JR., Age 12.

IT'S GOOD TO KNOW WHERE TO GO

Go to Millstein's (Ladies' Tailor) for your next

Tailored Suit. I positively guarantee to save

> 106 Main St., Norwich. Phone 786

NENTLY REMOVED BY THE USE OF THE ELECTRIC NEEDLE THE BEAUTY SHOP

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR PERMA-

HARRIETT E. BREED, McGrery Building